

BRITISH RECAPTURE VILLAGE NEAR ARRAS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

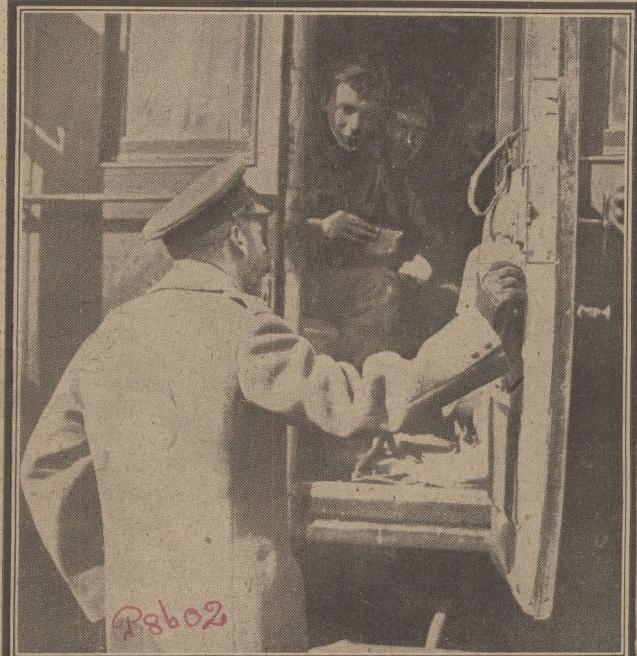
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THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1918

One Penny.

"GLAD TO SEE YOU—PUT IT THERE": ROYAL WELCOME.



Talking to men wounded in the big push.—(Official photograph.)



Words of cheer to a soldier wounded in the great offensive.—(Official photograph.)



Talking to an officer.—(Official photograph.)



With the New Zealand troops.—(Official photograph.)



Questioning a Scottish soldier.—(Official photograph.)

The King has returned from a visit to the troops at the front, during the course of which His Majesty visited each of the Army Headquarters, chatting with the generals and staff officers. A wounded Canadian thrust his hand with difficulty out of a railway

carriage window and said to the King: "Heard a lot about you. Glad to see you. Put it there!" Photographs in colour of the King's visit to the front will be on show at the Exhibition of War Photographs at the Grafton Galleries to-day.

COUNT CZERNIN'S IDEA OF PEACE.

"Foe Must Be Conquered Morally and Militarily."

LIE ABOUT FRANCE.

"After being conquered militarily our enemies must be conquered morally."

"Only then is victory complete, and in this respect diplomacy must complete the work of armies."

Thus declared Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, in the course of another "peace" speech which he made on Tuesday to the Vienna Municipal Council.

A BASIS FOR PEACE."

Other leading points in the speech were:—

President Wilson's Proposals.—I agree with the German Chancellor that the four principles developed in President Wilson's speech on February 11 formed a basis upon which a general peace could be discussed.

God is my witness that we have tried everything to avoid a French offensive, but the Entente would not have it so.

M. Clemenceau's Altered Move.—Some time before the beginning of the western offensive M. Clemenceau inquired of me whether, and upon what basis, I was ready to negotiate.

In agreement with Berlin I at once replied that I was ready, and that as regards France I could see no obstacle to peace save France's desire for Alsace-Lorraine.

Paris replied that negotiations were impossible on this basis.

Why They Are Fighting.—We are fighting for the defence of Austria-Hungary and Germany. Our studies will show the Entente that French and Italian aspirations after our territories are Utopias which will entail terrible consequences.

We shall never abandon Germany's interests, just as Germany will never leave us in the lurch.

"RECTIFYING THE FRONTIERS."

Not Annexations.—The frontier rectifications which are to be made by the peace treaty with Rumania are not annexations. They solely serve for military security.

The Iron Gate.—The protection and promotion of mercantile shipping on the Lower Danube, as well as the safeguarding of the Iron

DEARER PORK.

An order issued by the Food Controller amending the wholesale schedules of the Meat (Maximum Prices) Order, 1917, raises the wholesale maximum price for pork to 10s. 8d. per stone of 8lb.

Retail prices for pork are raised accordingly; some cuts, however, being increased by 1d. per lb. only.

Gate, are guaranteed by the extension of the frontier to the heights of Turu Severin.

Serbia.—A large number of Serbs from Serbia certain districts inhabited by Bulgarians. We, however, have no desire to destroy Serbia.

"Wind Veered from Peace."—The hopes of our enemies of final victory are not merely based upon military expectations and the blockade.

"ENTENTE'S HOPE."

Recently, as I have already mentioned, we were almost on the point of entering into negotiations with the Western Powers, when the wind suddenly veered round and, as we now know with certainty, the Entente decided that it was better to wait as the parliamentary and political events in our country justified the hope that the war would soon be defensive.

Food from Rumania.—All Europe is to-day suffering from lack of foodstuffs as a terrible consequence of the war.

The European granaries of the Ukraine and Rumania remain over as the most important areas for the food supply of Europe, and these have been assured to our group of Powers for the immediate future. We have thus already acquired all that is possible for peace to bring us in this respect.

From Rumania we shall obtain a considerable surplus of last year's harvest and they will also furnish us immediately with 800,000 sheep and 100,000 pigs.

Grain Hopes and Grain Facts.—We have agreed with the Ukrainian Government that at least a million tons of grain shall be delivered to the Quadrilateral Powers, and we hope that the time will come when this will render it possible to collect these supplies.

At present, however, there are only thirty wagons of grain, peas and beans of the first transport en route from the Ukraine. Six hundred wagons of various kinds of foodstuffs are ready in the Ukraine to be transported into the interior of Austria-Hungary.

CLEMENCEAU'S DENIAL.

PARIS, Wednesday.—M. Clemenceau, before he left Paris for the front this morning, had his attention called to Count Czernin's assertion.

The Premier's comment was brief and to the point. "Count Czernin has lied," he said.

Central News.

HUNS LAND IN FINLAND.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—A Berlin official telegram says: "Part of our naval forces this morning, after a difficult passage through the ice and minefields, landed at Hangoo (South Finland) troops destined to give help in Finland."—Reuter.



Mr. H. A. Barker.

Viscount Astor.

Mr. H. A. Barker the b. writer, although seriously ill, British authorising him to speak. Mr. Barker is attending him. Viscount Astor was fined £10 at Worthing yesterday for driving from Brighton to Worthing in contravention of the Petrol Restriction Order.

TWO STEAMERS SUNK.

Torpedoed Off Irish Coast—Two Lifeboats Blown Up.

FIFTY MEN MISSING.

The Australian ss. Conargo (4,312 tons gross) was torpedoed off the Irish coast early on the morning of March 31.

The crew of fifty got away in lifeboats, but two of the boats were blown up either by torpedoes or gunfire.

The crew of the third boat—fifteen men—were picked up by a collier. It is feared that the others were lost.

About the same time, and in the same region, the steamer Salamander of Andros, Greece, belonging to the Anglo-Indian Steamship Company, was sunk by gunfire.

Seven members of the crew were picked up and fifteen are missing.

"POTSDAM SCOUNDRELS."

German Humanity League Ask for the Deposition of the Kaiser.

The German Humanity League, states an Exchange message, in a manifesto to the Social Democrats of the world, says:—

"From the early days of August 1914, we have boldly denounced the infamous scoundrels at Potsdam, flattening the Kaiser and drenching the fair lands of Flanders and France with the blood of innocent victims."

"Now that the truth is declared by Prince Lichnowsky the world can no longer be in doubt that the cursed camarilla, led by von Tirpitz, has been the origin and conductor of this barbarous onslaught on humanity."

"We make to you in the name of the ruined homes and fathers, with all the vigour of our powers command, that democracy will no longer hesitate neutrals and belligerents alike—to end the war by the deposition of the Kaiser."

POTATOES AND TONNAGE.

How Amateur Gardeners Can Help Transport Ships.

Grown potatoes and help to insure the rapid arrival of American supplies in France.

Heavier loads are now being made upon war shipping by America's big effort to reinforce the Allies in the west, and whatever food is grown at home will help to liberate ships for this purpose.

The Daily Mirror's prizes for potatoes grown by amateurs in any allotment, private or school garden are:—

First prize ... £500 Fourth prize ... £25

Second prize 100 Fifth prize ... 10

Third prize ... 50 13 prizes of ... 5

Compete for the £750 in cash prizes which The Daily Mirror is offering to all who are growing potatoes.

As foreshadowed in The Daily Mirror a few days ago, Lord Rhondda has issued an order authorising local Food Control Committees to make compulsory the use of a percentage of potatoes in the making of bread.

BALUCHISTAN TRIBES SURRENDERING.

An Indian official states that punitive operations against the Marris of Baluchistan (a wild country in Asia and a British protectorate), continue satisfactorily, and that with the advance of our troops into their country the Marris have retired further into the hills, offering no organised resistance, but sending our parties to harry and loot villages.

The Khoisan tribes, however, as an attack on a goods train near Babar Khan in India, a European guard and six Indians were killed. Under pressure, however, the tribe is showing signs of surrender. Practically all sections of the Khoisan tribe have already tendered their unconditional submission through their chief.

CHANCE FOR PATRIOTIC RUSSIANS.

It is announced that the Russian General Lechowsky, serving in France, is forming a Russian Legion to fight the Central Powers on the western front.

All Russians of military age and fitness in England can join this legion, under French Army conditions and pay, by applying to the Russian General Consulate, at 30, Bedford-square, London.

THE DAILY MIRROR

Puddles

1642

WAAC HEROINES.

Refused to Leave Danger Area During Great Battle.

FIFTEEN MILES' MARCH.

The Secretary of the War Office announces that excellent reports have been received by the Army Council of the behaviour of members of the W.A.A.C. during the late heavy fighting.

One party who had been employed at an Army school within the area of operations were offered trams to convey them to a safer locality further back.

They refused to avail themselves of it on the ground that it would probably be wanted for something more important, and they marched fifteen miles back to the place to which they had been ordered.

Before leaving and after all the students at the school had gone they remained there in a dangerous position feeding relays of tired and hungry officers and men.

All reports bear out the fact that the W.A.A.C. during the crisis have more than justified their existence and have well maintained the credit of their sex and of the Army.

LIEUT. O'LEARY, V.C.

Promotion for Gallant Irishman Who Killed Eight Germans.

Second Lieutenant Michael O'Leary, V.C., has been promoted a full lieutenant.

O'Leary won his V.C. when one of a storming party at Courcey on his C. when one of a storming party at Courcey on February 1, 1915, he rushed to the front and himself killed five Germans who were holding the first barricade.

After this he attacked a second barricade, about eighty yards further on, which he captured after killing three of the enemy and making prisoners of two more.

Lance-Corporal O'Leary, as he then was, thus practically captured the enemy's position by himself and prevented the rest of the attacking party from being fired upon.

AMERICA'S MAN FACTORY.

Where Men Who Have Never Seen Sea Are Made Sailors.

A party of foreign correspondents recently viewed near Chicago the most unique of war factories—a factory whose output is men.

It was the Great Lakes naval training station which draws the raw material of men from the desks of law and streets and homes of the Middle West. After three months' rigorous study, then sends them to seaboard as ready for their final polishing off on board ships as able-bodied seamen and petty officers.

A training station Great Lakes is unique in the world, in that it is located a thousand miles from salt water, and many of the men it graduates as proficient sailors have never even seen the sea.

But the station is located on Lake Michigan, one of the largest fresh-water lakes, and every attempt is made to equal actual sea conditions.

John Phillip Sousa, the world-famous bandmaster, has given up his band and enlisted as a lieutenant in the naval reserves in order to train bandsmen at the Great Lakes station.

FEWER LATE TUBE TRAINS.

Restrictions Applied After 11 p.m.

— "Last Trains" as Usual.

Restrictions of the London train services on the Underground and the tubes after 11 p.m. by advertising the intervals up to the time of the last advertised train began last night.

This is the result of observations carried out the previous night showing that there were few people on the move after eleven o'clock.

For the present the times of the last trains will stand, and there is no intention of restricting trains in the rush hours. A big rush was noted between 9.30 p.m. and 10.45 p.m.

VOLUNTEERS WHO MUST "CARRY ON."

The Secretary of the War Office announces that the Army Council has recently decided that for the present the order issued for the discharge of Section D Volunteers shall be suspended.

Class D men—mostly men over military age—are those who found themselves unable, from one cause or another, to sign an agreement to remain in the force until the end of the war and to undertake a minimum number of drills. At a rough estimate the D men numbered 100,000.

350 NURSES VICTIMS OF WAR.

A memorial service for nurses who have fallen in the war—350 in number—will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday, April 10, at 2.30 p.m.

"THE BRITISH LINE NEVER BROKE."

General Smuts on Huns' Attempt at Knock-Out.

ATTACK OF 1,500,000 MEN.

"Once more the British Army stood in the breach in a defence the heroism and glory of which will live for ever."

"Through all that dreadful ordeal, when everything went to pieces and earth's foundations shook, our line never broke."

Thus declared General Smuts, a member of the War Cabinet, in the course of a speech yesterday at a luncheon following his acceptance of the freedom of the Clothmakers' Company.

After such labours and losses as the British troops had undergone in 1917, the enemy thought, said General Smuts, that their moral had suffered, and that the time had come for the knock-out blow, and so on March 21 they were once more singled out by the enemy for the greatest blow of the war, in the confident belief that they would be finally overwhelmed.

In little more than one week the enemy hauled again round and the British Armies more than one and a half million men.

"Slowly," the general added, "but only under irresistible pressure, our men retired, fighting every inch of the way up to their last scrap of strength and endurance."

500,000 CASUALTIES FOR ALL.

General Smuts then gave an exposition of the origin of the figures, which disclosures of Dr. Muhlon and Prince Lichnowsky.

Von Jagow, he said, virtually admits that the war arose as a question of German prestige, and practically agrees with Muhlon and Krupp that the wounded vanity of the Kaiser was at the bottom of it all.

General Smuts went on to say that, when the Prussian Minister made his very moderate and fair statement of costs, he did not take into account the losses of the British and French Armies.

The King's visit to the western front will be illustrated to-day at the exhibition of British battle photographs in colour at the Grafton Galleries.

The answer has come in the most bloody and terrible offensive of the whole war, which has probably already cost more than half a million casualties to all the combatants, and will cost many times more before it is over."

RECORD PICTURE HUSTLE.

Photographs of the King at the Front at Grafton Galleries.

The King's visit to the western front will be illustrated to-day at the exhibition of British battle photographs in colour at the Grafton Galleries.

The Ministry of Information worked day and night to get these historic photographs finished.

The photographic section of the Ministry of Information is making regular additions to the collection at the Galleries as the photographs arrive from the front. The exhibition is thus a complete and up-to-date pictorial record of the war.

NEWS ITEMS.

Beggar's \$30 in Gold.—On James Clarke, sixty, a labourer, who was fined 10s. at Nottingham, yesterday, for begging, was found £30 in gold. After being fined he was allowed to keep the gold.

Can It Be True?—According to a Zurich telegram the Kaiser has declared to his entourage that if the present offensive turns out to be a second Verdun he will no longer remain on the Imperial throne.—Central News.

Hard Labour for Milkman.—At Milford Haven yesterday John Davies, of the Thornton Farm, Milford Haven, was fined £50 and sentenced to three months' hard labour for having unlawfully added water to milk intended for sale.

Overpaid for Four Years.—Since 1914 a London panel doctor, owing to a clerical error, has been credited with 1,000 more insured persons than he had accepted, and the mistake has only been discovered, after he has been overpaid by £857.

Airman's Last Wish.—If any music is played at my funeral it will be "March of the Men of Harrow." It was the last wish of Lieutenant Cottrell Jones, R.E.C., who died through his aeroplane crashing to earth. At his funeral the organist carried out his wish.

NEW PENSIONS BILL.

Within the next few weeks several pension reforms will be instituted. A new Pensions Bill is to be introduced by which discharged soldiers will be better fed and many existing grievances will be removed.

As far as soldiers' children are concerned, there will be an increased scale of allowances, rising to 20 per cent, and probably to nearly 50 per cent, for motherless children. There will also be substantial increases in gratuities for soldiers' widows with children.

BRITISH RETAKE VILLAGE AND REPULSE ATTACK

Germans Make a Lively Onslaught on Positions to the South of Moreuil.

FOE PREPARING TO STRIKE FRESH BLOW.

Count Czernin's Arrogant Speech: "Allies Must Be Conquered Militarily and Then Morally"!

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Wednesday.

10.6 A.M.—At dawn yesterday a determined attack made by a strong party of the enemy against our positions in the neighbourhood of Fampoux was repulsed after sharp fighting. A number of German dead and a few prisoners were left in our hands.

A successful local operation was undertaken by our troops last night in the neighbourhood of Ayette, which is now in our possession. Over 100 prisoners and three machine guns were captured by us. We also secured a few prisoners yesterday in the enterprise in the neighbourhood of Serre already reported.

There is nothing further to report from the battle front.

Lincolnshire troops raided the enemy's trenches north-east of Loos yesterday morning and captured thirty-one prisoners and a machine gun.

Another successful raid, in which we captured a few prisoners, was carried out by us last night north-east of Poelcapelle.

WAR OFFICE STATEMENT.

There is no change in the situation.

WILL HUN GENERAL STAFF TRY NEW TACTICS?

Failure of "Express Drive" May Necessitate New Plan of Attack.

CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, BRITISH ARMY, FRANCE, Wednesday.—Still the enemy infantry refrains from further endeavour to advance, and still such successes as are to be recorded are on our side.

With regard to the lull which has fallen upon the great German offensive along nearly the whole of our front, it is interesting to recall the experiences in our own grand aggressive operations.

During the Somme fighting our great attacks were reported on an average of about one a fortnight. In the Flanders fighting of last year the intervals were shorter.

The traditional principle of German tactics is to press every advantage without loss of time, and in my opinion the continuance of the lull

GROWING BIG GUN BATTLE FROM SOMME TO OISE.

French Gain Near Plemont—Foe's Slight Success in Lively Fight.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Afternoon.—On the Somme and Oise front there was growing reciprocal artillery activity.

South of Moreuil the enemy delivered a fierce attack against our positions between Morisart and Moreuil. Repulsed by our fire, the attacking force could not gain a footing except at a point of our advanced line.

An enemy attempt north of Noyon failed under our fire.

We carried out yesterday evening a minor operation against the points north of the Plesmont, during which our troops appreciably widened their positions and took sixty prisoners.

Action.—On March 31 and April 1 our aircraft dropped twelve tons of explosives on the railway lines and cantonments of Ham, Chauny, Noyon, etc.

A great fire broke out at the railway station of Chaulnes.

Enemy cantonments in the region of Roye were plentifully bombarded with machine guns from a low altitude.

Our chaser planes fought numerous engagements, in the course of which eight German machines were brought down, while two others were destroyed by anti-aircraft guns.—Reuter.

"NOYON CATHEDRAL SET ON FIRE," SAY HUNS.

Berlin Story of What French Shells Have Done.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—The *Cologne Zeitung* learns from Berlin that the present fierce fighting on the western front was a necessity. It is pointed out that the same thing has occurred here as in Italy when the Tagliamento was reached. Moreover, the stormy and rainy weather of the past few days had greatly hampered transport.

A semi-official Berlin message states that the Compiegne station and the railway from Clermont to Amiens are under German artillery fire, while Compiegne and Soissons have also been bombarded by German airmen.

It is declared that the cathedral at Noyon has been set on fire by the French shells and that Nessie is burning.—Central News.

Noyon Cathedral is one of the most beautiful examples in France of the Transition style of the 11th-12th centuries. Round and pointed arches are used promiscuously.

"T.B.D." SUNK—ALL SAVED

ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

One of H.M. destroyers sank on the 1st inst. as the result of a collision. All hands were saved.



The British have recaptured Ayette, which is between Arras and Albert.

BERLIN SLURS OVER LOSS OF AYETTE VILLAGE.

"Destruction of Laon by French Artillery Continues," Says Foe.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Wednesday Afternoon.—The firing engagement near and south of Lens was more lively at times.

On the battle front the fighting activity throughout the whole of the day was restricted to artillery fire and reconnoitring engagements.

A nocturnal thrust made by English companies at Ayette was repulsed by a counter-attack.

During the evening the enemy attacked with strong forces between Marcecave and the Luce Moult. He was driven back with heavy losses.

By means of a coup de main we gained possession of the height south-west of Moreuil.

The destruction of Laon by the French artillery continues.

Before Verdun and in the Central Vosges the artillery activity revived.

South-west of Bischbach a successful thrust resulted in prisoners being brought in.

Captain Cavalry Baron von Riechthofen won his seventy-fifth aerial victory.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

'SCOUNDRELS OF POTSDAM' DENOUNCED BY GERMANS.

German Humanity League Appeals to All to Depose Kaiser.

The German Humanity League, says an Exchange message, has issued the following manifesto to the Social Democrats:—That on the early days of August 1914 we have publicly denounced the infamous scoundrels at Potsdam flattering the Kaiser and drenching the fair lands of Flanders and France with the blood of innocent victims.

"You have sympathised with our appeal, but have rendered ineffective service. The proletariat of German States have been held down by fear."

"Now that the truth is declared by Prince Lichnowsky the world can no longer be in doubt that the cursed camilla, led by von Hirpink, has been the origin and conductor of this barbarous onslaught on humanity."

"We make to you, in the name of the ruined homes of the Fatherland, with all the vigour our powers command, an appeal that democracy, inspired by the facts revealed by Prince Lichnowsky, confirming, as they do, the declarations of Dr. Liebknecht and Herren Haase, Ledebour and Kautsky, that the bourgeoisie—reactionaries and bellicists alike—to end the war by the deposition of the Kaiser and the punishment of the miscreants whose insatiable lust has caused the name of Germany to be as putrid flesh in the nostrils of the civilised world."—(Signed)—Karl Bernstein (president), Jacob Mamelsdorff, Heinrich Glauert, Emil Ochs, Franz Kampfer, A. Zettl (secretary)."

RHEIMS COUNCIL TO MOVE.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The *Petit Journal* states that the municipality of Rheims has decided to remove to Paris until the Allies have achieved victory.—Reuter.

COUNT CZERNIN'S IDEA OF PEACE.

"Foe Must Be Conquered Morally and Militarily."

M. CLEMENCEAU'S NOTE.

"After being conquered militarily our enemies must be conquered morally."

"Only then is victory complete, and in this respect diplomacy must complete the work of armies."

Thus declared Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, in the course of another "peace" speech which he made on Tuesday to the Vienna Municipal Council.

A particularly interesting passage in the Count's speech (as telegraphed by Reuter's Amsterdam correspondent) is that in which he alleges that before the recent German offensive opened M. Clemenceau inquired if Austria wished to parley, and that the negotiations broke down over Alsace-Lorraine.

A BASIS FOR PEACE.

Other leading points in the speech were:—President Wilson's Proposals.—I agree with the German Chancellor that the four principles developed in President Wilson's speech on February 11 formed a basis upon which a general peace could be discussed.

Whether the President will succeed in his endeavour to rally his Allies on this basis or not is the question.

God is my witness that we have tried everything possible to avoid a fresh offensive, but the Entente would not have it thus.

M. Clemenceau's Alleged Move.—Some time before the beginning of the western offensive M. Clemenceau inquired of me whether, and upon what basis, I was ready to negotiate.

In agreement with Berlin I at once replied that I was ready to do so, as regards France I could see no obstacle to peace save France's desire for Alsace-Lorraine.

Paris replied that negotiations were impossible on this basis.

Why They Are Fighting.—We are fighting for the defence of Austria-Hungary and Germany. Our armies will show the Entente that French and Italian aspirations after our territories are Utopias which will entail terrible consequences, just as Germany will never abandon Germany's interests, just as Germany will never leave us in the lurch.

The First Breach.—The first breach in the war-will of our enemies was made by the peace negotiations with Russia. It was a break-through of the peace idea.

It is an evidence of childish dilettantism to overlook the inner connection between the various conclusions of peace.

RECTIFYING THE FRONTIERS.

No Annexations.—The frontier rectifications which we receive by the peace treaty with Rumania are not annexations. They solely serve for military security.

The Iron Gate.—The protection and promotion of mercantile shipping on the Lower Danube, as well as the safeguarding of the Iron Gate, is guaranteed by the extension of the frontier to the heights of Turnu Severin and by the leasing for thirty years of the valuable wharf near this town.

The frontier along all the important passes had been advanced over Rumanian territory by reasons of military necessity.

Serbia.—Bulgaria must receive from Serbia certain districts inhabited by Bulgarians. We, however, have no desire to destroy Serbia. The best State egoism is to come to terms with a beaten neighbour.

NO BEGGING FOR PEACE.

Peace.—I do not intend to go begging for peace or to obtain it by entreaties and lamentations, but to enforce it by our moral right and physical strength.

Limitation of Armaments.—I think the financial requirements due to the war will require all states after the war, to enter into an international compromise regarding the limitation of their armaments.

This calculation of mine is neither idealistic nor fantastic; it is based upon reality in politics in the most literal sense of the word.

Food from Rumania.—From Rumania we shall obtain a considerable surplus of last year's harvest and this will also furnish us immediately with 300,000 sheep and 100,000 pigs.

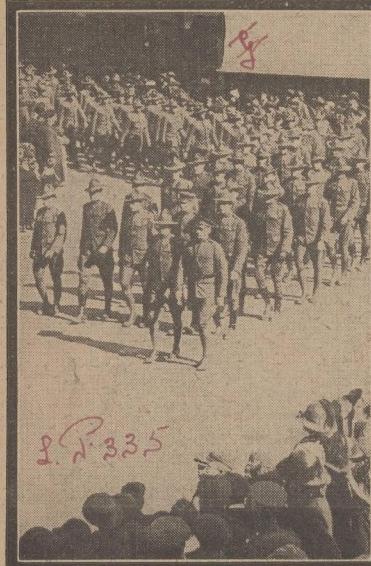
VLAIVOSTOK SEIZED.

PEKIN, undated (received yesterday).—Tokio reports that ominous signs of trouble are brewing at Vladivostok, where the Bolsheviks have taken possession of the telegraphs, thereby practically cutting off all outside communication.—Exchange.

HUNS' BIG GUN BURSTS?

PARIS, Wednesday.—According to some German prisoners taken recently on the French front, one of the German long-range guns which had been bombarding Paris burst killing five of the men working the gun.—Reuter.

WELCOME TO ALLIES



On their way to the civic reception



The mayor shakes hands with an American officer.

The Mayor and Mayoress of an English town held a reception of the officers and men of the American Army now in England.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

CANADIANS HELP IN POTATO CAMPAIGN.



In the sowing of potatoes strict economy should be practised. One potato usually makes three seeds. Above will be seen a number of Canadian soldiers at work on the land near Windsor.

THE TRIUMPH OF "KULTUR"—BRITISH SAILOR T



Fellow prisoners entering the churchyard with the remains of their late comrade.

John Player

An incident, which before the war might well have been deemed incredible, is brought to light in a White-paper. John Player Gower, seaman, late of H.M.S. Nestor, was bayoneted and burned to death in a flaming dungeon on March 9, 1917, whilst a prisoner war at Brandenburg. A fire had broken out in the camp. The prisoners, after repeatedly calling in vain for help, made an effor



O'LEARY AGAIN.—2nd Lt. Michael O'Leary, the famous Irish V.C., has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant.



TO WED.—Miss Ellen Lorna Fielden, daughter of the late Mr. J. Fielden, M.P., who is to marry Lieut. Day Thwaites.

HOSTS OF WILLING HELPERS.



Viscount Knutsford's Volunteers are dealing with stacks of letters from ladies living in the country who are anxious to help in collecting the million half-crowns for the London Hospital.

PLENTY TO DO



THE FROLICSGOME W.A.A.C.s.



In the military sports at Hertford the W.A.A.C.'s three-legged race proved one of the most popular items. The competitors enjoyed the fun as much as the spectators.

Women workers of the immobil

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The "Penguins" of t

Women are wanted to replace m
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APRIL 4, 1918

BACK INTO FLAMING DUNGEON BY HUN FIENDS

U.S. SPY SENSATION



Another scene at the grave showing the burial ceremony being conducted by old shipmates.

Glenower smashing a pane of glass. The sentry, seeing him leaning out of the window, gave him a tremendous bayonet thrust through the chest. The wounded man fell like lead. The German soldier then plunged his bayonet into the bodies of the demented prisoners. When the fire was extinguished there were eight corpses.

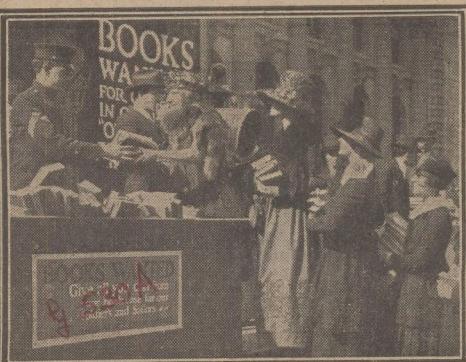
"PENGUINS."

A FEW DAYS AGO IT WAS A CHURCH!



The Bishop of Beauvais (centre), with two priests, visiting the ruins of the church at Lassigny after the ravages caused by the recent fighting.

A LITTLE READING MATTER FOR 'SAMMY'



The New York Public Library is the concentration camp for books. These girls are carrying piles of books to the Public Library Building, from whence the volumes will be sent on to the camps.

A.F. loading an aeroplane.



rigging 'planes.

Authority for the establishment ("camps") was obtained, and hence this week,



Mme. Despina Davidovitch Storch.



DEATH. — Will Dale, widely known in hunting circles, has died after a brief illness. He had married with Lord Galway.



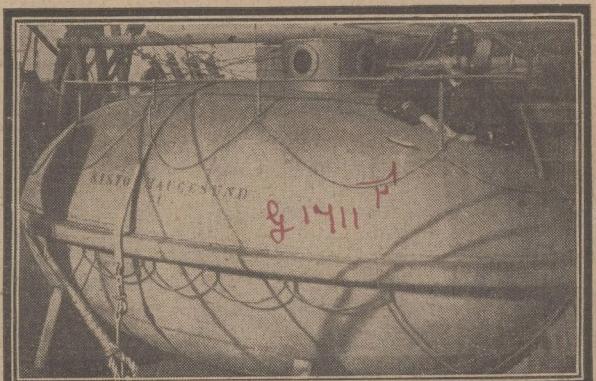
HER OWN GARDENER. — Mrs. John Kirkwood, who is acting as her own head gardener at her beautiful Devonshire home.



Mme. E. C. Nix and Count Rober de Clairmont.

In a round-up of suspected spies in New York four persons, who have been under surveillance were arrested. They are Mme. Despina Storch (who has since died), a Turkish woman of great beauty, Baron Henri de Buille, a Frenchman, Mme. E. C. Nix, wife of a German Army officer, and Count Rober de Clairmont.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

BALLOON BOAT THAT WILL NOT SINK.



A model of an unsinkable balloon-boat, used by the Norwegian Navy. It is a kind of airship, with two small portholes and a mast for a sail to navigate it. The experiment will be watched with much interest.

April 4, 1918

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1918.

THE MARIONETTE AGAIN.

COUNT CZERNIN has delivered another long speech. The Vienna City Council were evidently keen to give him an opportunity of explaining the "present international situation." And so he descendingly explains it.

He soaps a pair of very righteous hands. He is entirely virtuous. Self-satisfaction could go no further. He bows and scrapes to President Wilson. Nothing is his fault. It is all the wicked predatory Entente that won't hear reason. And so on and so on—very familiar stuff. Stuff unsubstantial, however, for the war-weary!

But the Austrian war-weary have better nourishment in the speech.

"Peace is on the way"—that really is the recurrent chorus, or text, of it. "We are making peace all round. Petrograd, the Ukraine, Rumania—and Serbia too if she likes. Peace is on the way."

Let us—horrid nightmare!—imagine ourselves Germans or Austrians. It must seem fairly true, this part of Count Czernin's speech? Peace has indeed been torn from disordered Russia . . .

Or, again, suppose we had just concluded a favourable peace with Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. Should not we be encouraged to go on—against Germany? That is a fair equivalent for the enemy position.

Certainly he wants peace. But evidently he has a large instalment of it. One of the tragic paradoxes of the war has been that the war-weary in Russia have thus been able, in their longing for peace, indefinitely to prolong the war—in France . . .

Count Czernin's speech further contains the usual assurances conflicting absolutely with the continual practice of the Central Powers.

He is not out for annexations, but he and his are annexing. He is defending himself by offending others . . . It is hardly worth lingering over. Only let us note, once again, that Count Czernin's tone is still distinguishable from the Prussian. In Berlin, lately, the "new war" has been celebrated. Again into the gulf! Will to victory! With Count Czernin, on the contrary, it is a "will to Beate!"

But that surely is a matter of temperament and adaptation to environment.

In Berlin, dark beer; in Vienna, light. Sharp-flavoured stew in Berlin; in Vienna, milder hash. Fierce music of Strauss in Prussia; in Austria, the other Strauss of the sentimental waltzes.

The root-reality is the same; and it is this—that, just as behind Austria, at the beginning, stood predatory Prussia waiting her chance; so, at the end, behind Austria, will predatory Prussia stand, to interpret gentle phrases according to her brutal instincts.

That is why we feel Count Czernin's gentleness comes not from one who speaks with authority, but from a marionette.

W. M.

DEAD YOUTH.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lydia's your sorrow is not dead.
She died in the garden of her native land,
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Piles up the dimpling clouds of evening sky:
So Lydia, sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.

Whose other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his ozy locks lie laves,
And hears the unexpressive myrral song.
In the blest kingdom meek of joy and love.

JOHN MITTON.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 3.—Jerusalem artichokes should be widely cultivated this year, since besides being highly nutritious, they are easy to cultivate and will grow well in almost any situation and soil. Plant the tubers at once in well-dug ground; set them 6 in. deep and in rows 2 ft. apart. The only attention they need during the summer is an occasional hoeing. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good.—Plato.



Mrs. Hugh Thomas, niece of Lord Bellow. Her husband is a diplomat at Cairo.



Mrs. William Morris, grandmother of Chinese girl nursing at a Park Lane hospital.

ROYAL SPONSORS.

Abolition of Officers' Afternoon Tea—Free Picture Shows for the Villages.

I HEARD yesterday, on good authority, that the King and Queen are likely to stand as god-parents to Sir Douglas Haig's little son. This honour, I understand, was promised the British commander during the King's last visit to France.

Back Home.—Many friends are congratulating Captain Batten-Poole on his return

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The Fog.—It was a capricious sort of fog yesterday, and spread itself about in patches. Some suburban travellers I met complained of being delayed by the fog, while others were surprised to find the atmosphere so dense when they reached the City.

Poor on the Staff.—Lord Cranworth is now gazetted as a staff captain. He is one of our youngest peers, being just over forty, and has already seen service, as he helped to annoy the wily Kruger nearly twenty years ago. Lady Cranworth is a kinswoman of Viscount Ridley.

Wounded.—I am sorry to see that the Hon. J. C. Jervis is wounded. He is Lord St. Vincent's nineteen-year-old heir and is a lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifles.

Novelist's Picture.—I have heard of something new in the way of portraits. Lance-Corporal J. D. Dowd, R.A.M.C., whose "line" work is so well known, is painting a

Free Pictures.—Everybody connected with the enterprise is very hopeful about the cinema-tour of rural England. The Ministry of Information, which is sending out this fleet of cinemas on wheels, has propaganda films of a kind both exciting and educative.

Long Service.—In a suburban station yesterday I noticed on the platform a Waac with the blue chevron, denoting a year's service, on her uniform sleeve. She was the first I had seen so decorated.

Perseverance.—I rather like this ad., which I cull from morning paper: "Humorous artist, still persevering, welcomes new jokes and suggestions. No remuneration offered beyond cheerfulness." No doubt it is a cheerful thing to get your jokes gratis.

Reckless.—Another advertiser in the same paper seems to be asking for trouble in a loud voice. "Advertiser invites replies from any thinking man with ideas for schemes requiring finance," he rashly states.

About Again.—I am glad to hear that Lady Shackleton's small daughter, Cicely, is about again after the accident she had tobogganing.

A Birthday Step.—Young Lord Altumont, I notice, now mounts a second "pig." He was twenty last week, and is Lord Sligo's heir. Educated at "the School," he is in the Dragoons.

Field Marshal at a Music Hall.—There is generally a good bill at the Victoria Palace on Sunday nights, when it is open free to our fighting men. Next Sunday however, there will be an extra attraction, for Lord French has promised to address the audience.

Saving a Meal.—I hear that quite a number of officers' messes are dropping afternoon tea and putting forward the dinner hour. Thus the "curfew" rule extends its sway.

"Cheep" Revisited.—I rambled into the Vaudeville to see Miss Lee White get a hearty greeting on her return to "Cheep." New frocks and new songs signalled the occasion and added to the general joy.

"Pamela" Back.—I hear from Miss Lily Elsie that she will be back at the Palace (in "Pamela") again on Monday. She has enjoyed her vacation in Scotland.

Going Strong.—Looking in at "Flora," I was pleased to note the size of the audience. It is giving away nothing to say now that the attendance at first was a little disappointing, but at present all seems well.

Mem.—"General Post," I notice, will tomorrow score five hundred performances. It is a charming play, but at the production I did not think it would run so long. Evidently the public taste is better than I thought.

New Leading Lady.—I am now allowed to tell you—I was sworn by most awful oaths to secrecy—that Miss Kyle Bellew will be the leading lady in "The Knife" when it is produced at the Comedy next Wednesday.

The Others.—"The Knife" will have a strong cast, including Mr. Aubrey Smith (I told you about him before, but was contradicted), Mr. Sam Livesey, Mr. Farren Souter, Miss Barbara Gott and Miss Helen Haye.

The Last Champion.—I was deeply sorry yesterday to hear of the death of poor Charles Mitchell, the last real ring champion boxer has produced. He gave away weight like a generous man gives away halfpennies, but he made a Goliath like John L. Sullivan look a child in the ring.

A Characteristic Invitation.—The last time I met Charles Mitchell I found him in the best of health supping at Romano's. "Excuse me," he said, "but when you next come down to Brighton stay with me. We haven't the accommodation of the Metropole, but in my place anyone can swear at the dinner table, and that's such a relief."

The Front Name.—Miss Anne Walden—the name is new to me—is in the company at the New Theatre. This will deprive Miss Anne Beaufort of her claim to be the only "Anne" on the stage. Can you think of any other theatrical "Annes"?

THE RAMBLER.

"EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER": RATIONED!



Earth and fire are already pretty well controlled. It may be water and air next!—(By W. K. Heselden.)

from internment. He gained the V.C. in 1916 by his gallantry in directing the raiding party he commanded after his right hand had been shattered by a bomb. Not till he had been wounded twice more did he retire.

Baron Engaged.—I hear that Lord Gifford is to be married for the second time. The first Lady Gifford, who died five years ago, was the daughter of a well-known Q.C. Lord Gifford, who succeeded his brother in 1911, has just turned sixty-three.

The Bride-To-Be.—She who will be the new Lady Gifford is Miss Anne Aitchison, of Musselburgh. Her father, the late Colonel Aitchison, was in the Scots Guards.

A Padre.—Many people will regret to hear that that popular padre of the Grenadiers, the Rev. E. R. Gibbs, has made the great sacrifice. He was well known in Doncaster and the neighbourhood, and just before the war was made chaplain to the Archbishop of York.

portrait of Mr. Pett Ridge. The novelist is shown in a mean street—with some small children turning round to watch the man who has helped so many slum babies.

Fashions in Beauty.—My girl cousin tells me that the brunette is just now the most admired type and that the new colouring in most things has been designed for her. Is this because the French are so popular here and nearly all their women are brunettes?

The Yolk.—This is an age of substitutes; but I was amused to see on a bill of fare outside a Fleet-street restaurant the words "Egg Omelette." What else is the foundation of the omelette?

Timely.—I met a friend who is a special constable last night, and with pride he showed me the nice winter overcoat which he had just received from the authorities. It may seem belated; but we know what an English spring is.

THE SECRET WIFE BY JOHN CARDINAL

PEOPLE YOU MUST MEET.

NORA WYNNE, in order to save her father from bankruptcy, promises not to tell. **GEORGE SHEFFIELD**, a millionaire manufacturer, that she is secretly married to **TONY HERRICK**, a clerk in his office. Sheffield throws Tony into the company of **MADGE RUSSELL**, an actress, thereby making Nora jealous, and, while Herrick is absent, Madge steals away. Nora finds the secret. Her car breaks down late at night, and Sheffield tells Nora that he has planned that it should do so. Nora forgives him, and they proceed on their way, still friends.

THE WEDDING RING!"

GEORGE SHEFFIELD lifted the car into top speed and stared ahead of him, well content with Nora's silence, with the gift of having her still there. His regrets already half-forgotten, he was intent only on putting the country roads behind them as speedily as the car would serve him.

George Sheffield felt himself again as the soft line of the hedges vanished at speed, mile after mile. There was song in his heart. He took corners毫不hesitatingly, for which any other man would have slowed down. It was as if he were keen to show that silent girl sitting so close to him the whole extent of his mastery over the car. He had never boasted of his driving to her or to anybody else . . . but now that that fool of a chauffeur of his had made Nora wise he would show her, he thought, that the chauffeur hadn't lied.

He glanced at Nora once or twice during that mad rush, interested to know if she would be frightened as he chopped off a corner with off wheels in the air, as he slowed miraculously after going full tilt when the lightless back of a lumbering wagon suddenly threatened them. Nora had been silent all the time, but now she never gave any sign. For some time she half slept, her eyes at any rate were closed; they hadn't exchanged a dozen words during that strange journey before the houses of the suburbs came, and Nora roused herself to find dimly familiar landmarks, and knew they were in Parkwood.

"Well, we made up some lost time," Sheffield announced grimly. "Now, everybody may do that sort of fast driving. I laughed. Perhaps he didn't dare speak with me!"

"I liked it," Nora said. She felt numb and very cold; she shivered even in the big fur. George Sheffield helped her down outside the house; they looked up at the blank windows; Sheffield compressed his lips. He changed his mind; he had been resolved not to speak . . .

"I'd just like to thank you, Nora. She looked at him, honest surprised.

"For giving me another chance—that's all," Sheffield said slowly. And within him still that expression of his dogged and unconquerable faith ran like a kind of song. Time—that was all. Nora was the only woman for him; he had long persuaded himself, and the old dominant idea still pleasantly swayed him. He had begun again, in spite of his unpardonable mistake. Time would bring Nora to him. He did not care how long it should take him to come.

"For giving me another chance," he said.

Sheffield waited there. Nora ran up the steps, and fumbled in her bag for the key of the dark house. She failed to find it as quickly as she usually did, and yet she would not pull off her glove. She was so passionately eager to pass through that door into refuge; so greedy to know that George Sheffield was looking at her no longer. He watched her for some time, and then he was by her side.

"I have it and open the door for you," he suggested. "I expect you're cold."

Nora did not want him there now, so close to her. A fear had not known out there on the country road touched her.

"I'll get it in a minute, thanks. Really you needn't wait." Her stiffened fingers groped frantically in the bag now; impatience mounted and tormented her, and she exclaimed with vexation. "It's so cold here."

And then Sheffield heard a cry. Something had rung as it fell on the stone step, but it wasn't the key. In the half-dark it glimmered roundly there. Nora bent down, but Sheffield was before her, quick as she had been.

As he stood up straight again, he held it between his fingers.

It shone quite plainly now—the golden wedding ring Tony (Tony, so serious, but so happy) had put upon her finger in the Brixton registry office that day.

"IT WAS A MISTAKE!"

AFTER Sheffield's startled exclamation they both stood there ridiculous still. Nora's right hand was outstretched; her face had gone very pale. At last she managed to speak.

"Give it to me, please," she said faintly. And she had to repeat her request before George Sheffield stirred. "It's mine—give it to me."

Nora's thoughts were queerly mingled now. The world seemed to have stopped, but her heart was beating furiously. But it was strange that in this moment of discovery she had had for so long vaguely dreaded, the uppermost thought was that it was destined for George. Sheffield was to be left with the wedding ring to be staring at it in such a puzzled way that he might have been trying to ask himself what it really was.

To her it was still the symbol of happiness, although Tony had proved unworthy of it; it was for her and Tony, and no other still—all though Tony was lost to her.

Sheffield looked up and obeyed her. He handed the ring to her without a word.

"This explains everything," he said. The shock of that revelation was at first like physical suffering to him; it twisted his strong features into a bitter smile, which Nora saw only dimly and altogether misunderstood.

"You're laughing at me!" she broke out in agony. "You stand there and sneer, and you don't know what I've had to suffer. It's my secret, and you shouldn't have known it; you wouldn't have known it if you'd done what I asked you, but you would come to the door."

Nora changed to a choking and pitiful entreaty, urged by that adding desire for foolishness which, cruel as it was, seemed the only thing left to her now.

"Now that you know, please go." But George Sheffield stood between her and the door of the house, big and shadowy and resolutely unmoving. "You want to ask me a lot of questions, and I won't answer them. You know—and there's nothing more to say. Oh, why don't you go?"

Sheffield put a firm hand upon her shoulder; Nora winced at the touch, but it steadied her . . . she had been duly wondering whether she would not fall.

"Because there is something to say," he defended himself quietly, "and I'd not go without saying it . . . when you are so distressed. I'm not going to try to pry into your secrets, Nora . . . that's the nice thing. That's right . . . pull yourself together. What I like to know is, can it be helped? . . . what I don't know is, I'll not try to find out—at least from you."

The resentful died out of Nora's eyes, she was even grateful for the quiet sense of strength from that holding hand upon her shoulder.

"Oh, I know you're trying to be kind," she told him. "But it's of no use . . . there's nothing you can do. If I've been a fool, it's not your business, and you can't help it; nobody can. I'd rather be myself; I'd rather that you went and didn't bother about me any more at all—but you won't believe it. It only makes things worse, your being kind!"

She bent her head, and her hands went up before her face; Sheffield felt her shoulders shaking. Very gently he pulled her hands away, and Nora straightened herself and locked her hands. She could have put an arm round her but had dared.

"That's better," he said cheerfully. "The other wouldn't do at all . . . in case of trouble. Are you still afraid of my asking you a lot of questions, Nora? Look at me!" A new emotion vibrated in his voice. "Don't you think I understand now what you meant when you told me you were in need of all the friends you had? And there were so few, you said, and no one body can help you! I'm sorry to myself; I'd rather that you went and didn't bother about me any more at all—but I was to one of them!"

Nora nodded in understanding, grateful that there was no need for her to speak.

"Then we know where we are. I hardly thought that you would be wanting to take away that privilege so soon, because . . . this has happened. I'd ask you one question and only one—and that you should answer. But if you don't like . . ."

Sheffield hesitated rather awkwardly till Nora's silence and silence gave him permission. And then he did not know how to put it with the least risk of hurting her. He groped lamely for a beginning. "It's simply that . . ."

George Sheffield abandoned that and took courage, changing to a sudden directness that would sound brutal to her he was afraid. . . . but it was best to get it over . . . and, besides, it still meant much to him.

"It is only the secret that has worried you so terribly, Nora. There's another man, and I never guessed . . . Your husband . . . are you breaking your heart on his account?"

Her answer, and the way of it, made a leap in Sheffield's heart.

"I don't want to see him again." Nora cried out this denial of her own heart fiercely, unconsciously trying to convince herself that it was the truth. "And he doesn't want anything to do with me. I know that he was all a mistake from the first, and I didn't know—anyhow, it's too late now."

Nora looked up with a sudden fear. "You're not going to tell anyone about this?" she asked in great anxiety.

"Of course not," Sheffield answered readily. His face was grim, dark with contemptuous judgment upon the man who could treat Nora thus. "I'm so very sorry—I—"

"There's nothing you can do. I'm not worrying myself about him, so don't think that." Nora was for a moment deeply depressed, but Sheffield was pitying her; she couldn't stand the idea of that. "I'm not wanting him back," she rushed on disconcertedly. "We're strangers—we've finished with each other."

"You're quite sure of that," he said lamely.

"You mean that you've both decided—"

Nora interrupted him passionately and with a gesture of contempt.

"Anything else would be impossible," she declared. "You're trying to suggest that I'm still in my own mind, but there's a chance of things even being different between myself and him." She laughed resentfully. "I won't answer for him, although I know he thinks nothing of me . . . but I would never think of any reconciliation, and that's enough!"

"You don't see him now, then?"

Nora shook her head. "No," she answered savagely. "And I wouldn't see him—not if he came to me, and he's gone away." It was all that George Sheffield wanted to find out. He knew again that quickening at his heart.

Everything that had so puzzled him seemed now to have made clear. Nora was very young—perhaps, after all, this secret marriage might be quashed!

Don't miss to-morrow's fine instalment of this splendid story.



DO NOT GO TO BED ILL WITH A RUPTURE.

You Can Cure Yourself.

All the important discoveries in connection with the Healing Art are not made by professional medical men. There are exceptions, and one of these is the truly wonderful discovery made by an astute and clever old sea-captain—Captain Collings. After suffering himself for a greater than year from a double rupture, which the doctors said was incurable, he decided, rather than give way to absolute despair, to devote all his spare time and energies to trying to discover a cure for himself. After a great many sorts of investigations, reading numerous works on rupture, etc., he made himself practically a



rupture specialist without finding what he needed, until, by accident, he stumbled across the very thing he had been looking for so long, and not only was he able to completely cure himself with it, but his discovery was tested and over again on all sorts of rupture cases, with the result that they also were absolutely cured, and the sufferers knew the joy once more of perfect health and the pleasure of a long life, free from pain and trouble. Possibly you may have read about this wonderful cure in the newspapers. If you have not, you will be glad to learn that Captain Collings offers to send to every sufferer from a ruptured part of his body a simple discovery of much value, so that they can cure themselves as he and hundreds of others have been cured.

The nature of this wonderful cure is so simple that it is effected without pain or inconvenience. The ordinary occupations of life can be followed whilst it is acting, and it completely CURES—not merely relieves. That is to say, it is no longer necessary to run the risk of surgical operations is abolish, and the affected part becomes as sound and as strong as ever it was before.

Arrangements have been made so that all readers of "The Daily Mirror" can have all the details with full particulars of this invaluable discovery without cost, and it is to be hoped that all who will avail themselves of this generous offer. Simply fill in and post the attached card, as directed, and the free test will reach you a few hours afterwards.

FREE TEST COUPON.

Capt. W. A. COLLINGS & SONS (Box 2222),
32, Theobald's-road, London, W.C. L.
Dear Sirs.—Send me free the information and Test that I may cure my Rupture. (Write plainly.)

Name Address

ADELPHI.—(Ger. 2645).—"The Boy," W. H. Berry. Tonight, at 7.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., at 2.

AMBASSADORES.—Little Brother. Evgs., 7.30. Matines, Sat., at 2.30. Last 4 performances.

APOLLO.—Inside the Lines. To-day, 2.30 and 8.

BEECHAM OPERA CO., Drury Lane. To-night, 7.15. Magic Flute," Fri., 6.45. "Taunehaus," Sat., 8.30.

COMEDY.—(Ger. 2646).—"The Playgirl." Evgs., Sat., at 7.30. Fri. and Sat., 2.15. Last week.

COURT.—(Ger. 848). Arthur Sinclair and The Irish Player. 6.30. Friday, 7.15. Saturday, 8.30. Sunday, 2.30. Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. April 8 to 13.

THE COINER.—"The Building Fund," "Duty."

DALYS.—At 2.30. "The Maid of the Mountains," Tuesdays, Tues. and Sat., at 2.30. "Mata," Weds., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. "The Beauty Spot," with Regine Flory. To-night, at 7.45. Mats., Wed. and Sat., at 2.15.

DARBY & GRIFFITHS.—By Pigeon. Tues., 7.30, and afternoons. Thursdays, Arthur Wontner.

GLOBE.—Marie Lohr in "Love in a Cottage," Nightly, at 7.30. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.15. (Ger. 8722).

HAMMERSTEIN'S.—"Good Folk." Today and Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. (Second year).

HIS MAJESTY'S.—"Our Chin Chow." To-day and Tuesdays, 2.30 and 8. (Second year).

KINGSWAY.—When Knights Were Bold." Matines, Daily, at 2.30. Evenings, Wed. and Sat., 7.30.

LYCEUM.—(3rd Year). Doris Dean in "Romance," 7.30, 9.30 to 10. "Clever Drama," "Evening News."

LVRIC.—(3rd Year). Doris Dean in "Romance," 7.30, 9.30 to 10. "Clever Drama," "Evening News."

MASKELYNE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY, Langham place. W. Twice Daily, 3 and 8. To 5. (Ger. 1545).

OXFORD.—G. Miller, 7.30. (Ger. 2647).

ARTHUR BOOTH as "Old Bill." Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.30.

PALACE.—Evenings, at 7.45. (finishes 10.30). Wed. and Sat., 2.30. "The Man with a Million," with Max Wall.

PARADISE.—"The Yellow Ticket," Gladys Cooper, Allan Ayresworth. Daily, 2.30. To-night and Sat., 8.

PRINCE OF WALES'.—"Gen. Mills," Mrs. Mills, 7.30.

PRINCES.—"Yes, Uncle!" New Musical Comedy, Evenings, 7.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.15.

ROYALTY.—The Prince, as Monty Brewster. Matinee, 7.30, 9.30 to 10. Mats., Thurs., Sat., at 2.

S.T. JAMES.—Drama, 2.30. (Last Performance.)

Valentines.—Evenings, Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

WATERFORD.—Shining Partners, Seymour Hicks, Madge Lessing. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY.—"The Yellow Ticket," Gladys Cooper, Allan Ayresworth. Daily, 2.30. To-night and Sat., 8.

VAUDEVILLE.—Cheek, Return of Lee White.

WINDSOR.—Nightly, 7.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

COLISEUM.—(Ger. 7541). 2.30, 7.45. George Wainwright, 7.30. (Ger. 2648).

HIPPODROME, London. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.15. Box of Tricks," Shirley Kellogg. Harry Hale, etc. (Ger. 858).

PLAYHOUSE.—"The Girl Who Came to Supper," Helen Morgan, Alfred Lester and Co., R. G. Knowles, Percy Henry.

HAIR, permanently removed from face with electric.

Ladies only.—Florence Wood, 475, Oxford-st., W. 1.



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THE KING WITH THE FIGHTING MEN:

SEE PICTURES
ON PAGE ONE

Daily Mirror

A NAVAL WEDDING.



Surgeon Gordon Watson, R.N., and Miss N. C. Platten were married at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, E.C.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

WOMAN'S RECORD FLIGHT.



Miss Katherine Stinson, the Texan aviatrix, who flew from San Diego to San Francisco (610 miles) in nine hours.



BRIDE. Miss Airlie Hynes, who is to marry Captain J. G. Mardon, D.S.O., Manchester Regiment, to-day.



AIR APPOINTMENT. Brig-Gen. G. G. Greville, C.B., who has been appointed Deputy Master-General of Personnel.

A VIGOROUS FIGHT FOR EAST TYRONE.



Mr. Sean Milroy, Sinn Fein candidate, speaking.



Sinn Fein officers in uniform.



ARRESTED. — "Eddie" Guerin, the escaped prisoner from Devil's Island, arrested in Brighton on a robbery charge.



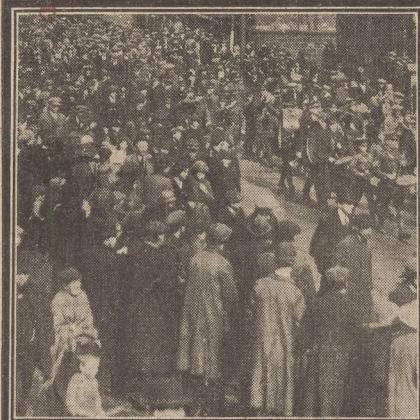
TO-DAY'S BRIDE. — Miss V. Basden, who is to marry the Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton, of Hampstead Road Church, Hampstead, to-day.



The Stars and Stripes and the Nationalist banner for Mr. Harbinson.

Polling takes place to-day for the election of a member for East Tyrone. The Sinn Feiners are bringing all their forces to bear, but it is confidently anticipated that the constituency will remain faithful to its traditions.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

STALWART STAFFORDSHIRE



Miners marching from the Burslem recruiting office.

The Staffordshire miners will need no combing out. When some hundreds of them, headed by the band, marched from the recruiting office at Burslem to the railway station at Stoke there were scenes of wild enthusiasm.

MINERS MEAN TO FIGHT.



Troops going to the front.



SINGER. — Miss N. Cumbers, who devotes much time and money to our soldiers and takes part in numerous "in aid of's."



WOUNDED. — Lieut.-Col. A. de Lannoy-Leng, of the 1st Gordon Highlanders, who is reported to be wounded.